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The last
SPEECH
AND
CONFESSION,

Of *Peter Caesar, a Portugal*, at the Place of Execution: Together with his Confession at *Justice-Hall* in the *Old-Bayley*, who in a most barbarous and bloody manner, shot his own dear Lord and Master a *Portugese* through the Head, as he sat at Dinner in his Chamber, With the manner how he put him into a *Chest*, and afterwards cast his Body into the River of *Thames*: As also, the miraculous Discovery of this Bloody Murder; and the Sentence of Death pronounced against him.

Likewise, the Tryal of the *Frenchmen*, for Ravishing a Gentlewoman near *Holborn*, and afterwards most inhumanely to put a *Flaming Torch* up into her Body: Together with the Sentence and Execution.

As also, a true Relation, concerning *Mary Smith* who cut off her Childs Head; with her Examination and Confession before *Justice Swallow*; and the wonderful Discovery of that cruel Murder, by Streams of Blood running down the River of *Thames*, betwixt *Dedford* and *Blackwall*.

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The Tryal, Examination, and Confession of Peter Cesar, who most barbarously murderd his Lord and Master, a *Portugeze*, as he sat at Dinner eating of a Dish of Fish, &c.

A T Justice-Hall in the Old-Bayley, the last Sessions, *Peter Cesar a Portugeze* was called to the Bar, to answer an Indictment exhibited against him for killing of his own dear Lord and Master, *a most barbarous and cruell Act*; but the *miraculous Effects, in Discovery thereof, is worthy of Remark*, by the *Judicious Reader*: For no sooner had this bloody Villain contrived the Dissolution of his Masters life, but Terror possessed his guilty Conscience, and the Grand Serjeant Death appeared obvious for a high Arrest; but Cesar thinking to make his Escape, was prevented: Notwithstanding his flying from Hart-street near Covent-Garden, where his Master lodged: Who sending his Servant from thence, after he had been abroad at his Devotions, to provide him some Fish for his Dinner, and being dressed, and served up, this Judas-like Wretch, when

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his Master was sate down at the Table, and standing with a Trencher and Napkin to wait upon him, took that bloody Resolution, having a Pistoll ready fixed and charged, to discharge it against his Master, and so shot him through the head, as he was eating of his Dinner: the Report of which Pistol was heard by the people of the house; but he using to fire it in Jest, in his Masters absence, against some Taylors that wrought opposite against them, they took no further notice thereof. And about an hour after, this bloody Executioner came down into the Kitchen, and seated himself to Dinner with the people of the house, where he staid the most part of the Afternoon, and then went abroad, and came in again; and toward the Evening he went forth again, and caused a Porter to bring home a large Chest to his Lodging; and causing the same to be carryed up stairs, the Porter was discharged, and the bloody Villain himself drew it into his Masters Chamber: but about two hours after, he called the Porter again to help him down with the Chest, which he did accordingly: and the Mistress of the house meeting him upon the Stairs, said, Where are you going Peter, what have you got in this Chest? He answered, Goods for my Master, Landlady, My Master is to have a boon Collation in the Strand, with many Gentlemen of quality lately come from beyond the Seas. But
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bringing the Chest down, it proved too heavy for him and the Porter, so that another came to their Assistance, and away they carried it to the Water-side, Designing for the Faulcon, this bloudy Peter pretending, That he was to meet a Gentleman there, to receive money of him for the Goods in the Chest. But these specious Pretences, soon took period in a deceitful Errand, for crossing the Water, he had no power to land there, but commanded the Water-men to Row him back again towards the Temple stairs coming near the Shoar, he cast the Chest over-board, which the Water-men admiring, askt him his Reason, To which he said, there was a Trick put upon him, and that the Chest was onely filled with Trash, Trumpery, and Garbage, which he would not bestow the pain to carry any further. And landing, seemed to go away in a Rage to his Lodging; but the next morning some blood being discoverd upon the Stairs, and diligent Inspection made thereinto, he endeavoured to make his escape, but was immediately apprehended, and committed to Newgate, where he continued till the last Sessions; Right then taking place, and Real Justice streaming forth, even like unto Streams descending from the Mountains. For upon bringing of him to the Bar, he confessed the Fact, acquitting all persons whatsoever from having any hand therein; but that it

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was his own Contrivance, and that not suddainly, but deliberately, having many days before resolved to attempt it, but had no convenient Opportunity, till that time his Master was eating of a Dish of Fish, at which time he shot him through the head, being tempted for many days, and much perplexd in mind till he had effected it; for which he was not onely sorry, but also confident, that nothing could expiate the Guilt thereof, but to shed the blood of him, who had in such a most barbarous and inhumane manner, shed the blood of his Dear Lord and Master. And all this, through want of Grace, meerly for the gaining of his Masters Jewels and Rings, together with the three hundred pounds in Gold, which his Master wore about him in a List to supply his Occasions. For which horrid Fact, he was Arraigned and Condemned, and merited that Just Sentence, to be drawn upon a Hurdle from Newgate to the place of Execution, and there to be hangd till he was dead.

The two *French-men* also, who committed that inhumane Act against a Citizens Wife near *Holborn*; as first to Ravish her, and then to run up a Flaming Torch into her Body, were also Arraigned and Condemned: But *Mary Smith*, who cut off
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her Childs Head, was Reprieved from publique Justice, by the Grand Sergeant *Death*, who catchd her from thence to another place, before the time of her Tryal. But tis observable, that never came amore penitent Soul within the Walls of Newgate, than his poor Creature; for when one of the Officers told her, she must prepare her Self for her Tryal, for the time was near approaching she must give an Account at the Bar: To which she replied, The Invisible Bar, to mortal Eyes, was her desire to stand before, where she did not doubt to find Eternal mercy; and that she hoped the Thread of her Life was spun to the very end, so that her penitent Soul should not long be Captivated within that Sinful Body, the Prison of so precious a Jewel; for, sayes she, I question not, but these + + + will prove Blessings, and I have *Ass. since her bin.* This much sympathiz'd with what she confessed before Justice *Swallow*, when she was first Apprehended: for then she ingenuously confessed, That it was her sad Fate and Fortune to be overcome by One young man, whom she had a great Affection for; but he having obtained his will, and she conceiving with Child, refused to marry her: Whereupon she resolved to

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forſake Friends and Relations, and to transport her Self to ſome Forreign Plantations: In order whereunto, ſhe made Application to a Maſter of a Ship, and obtained leaue to be Transported: But before the time came to begin their Voyage, ſhe had a Secret Delivery a Ship-board, and very obſcure under Deck, where, contrary to all Humane Reason, the Infant became headleſs, for ſhe quickly ſevered the Head from the Shoulders, throwing the Body into the River, out at a Port-hole, and the Head behind the Caſks: Which being quickly diſcovered, the Bloody Mother was ſoon apprehended, and carryed before the Juſtice as aforeſaid: from whence ſhe was committed to Newgate, where ſhe departed this Life, making a very penitent End.

The like did the French-man and Portugeſe, the one Executed in Holborn, and the other at Tyburn, Wednesday the 27. who confeſſed his Fact, and very much bewailed the horroudneſs thereof, for that his dear Maſter had bin instrumental, to ſave his life in Portugal, where he had killed a man, and ſhould have bin burnd, had not Mercy tranſcended Juſtice.

FINIS.